

FORTUNE FOLLOWS DISASTER.

A Clerk's Windfall Two Hours After His Employer Was Burned Out.

Bernard Hering, a well-known broker, whose office is on Pine Street, between Montgomery and Sanson, is the father of a young man who will hereafter speak nothing but praise concerning the Louisiana State Lottery. The young man's name is Louis, and he has for several years past been chasing fortune behind the counter of Louis Sach's dry-goods store at Fresno.

A few days before the recent conflagration at Fresno, the clerk bought the one-twentieth part of ticket 42,738, for which he paid \$1, and of which he thought no more until the morning of the fire. His employer's store was left in ruins, and he escaped from his boarding-house with little more than the garments considered necessary by civilized nations.

In his first pocket was his portion of ticket 42,738, and in a somewhat reckless mood he offered to sell half of it to a friend for 50 cents. The offer was refused, and two hours later the poverty-stricken clerk passed a bulletin board on which he read, with something like bewilderment, that his ticket had drawn the first capital prize of \$300,000 in the Louisiana State Lottery, of which he was entitled to \$15,000.

That night there was a champagne supper at Fresno, in which the lucky clerk participated as host. His share of the prize was promptly forwarded him by Wells, Fargo & Co., and he hastened to the home of his parents at 825 Geary street in this city. Louis' father and one of his six brothers are stock-brokers but Louis believes in real estate and in real estate the larger part of his prize money was invested.

He paid off a mortgage of \$2,500 on some land that he owns at Fresno, and with \$3,500 of the remainder bought the handsome dwelling-house at 2223 Jackson street, which he subsequently presented to his mother. The family moved to their new quarters yesterday, and the lucky clerk, after telling the story of his good fortune to many friends and acquaintances, departed for Lake Tahoe, where he will make merry while the season lasts.—San Francisco (Cal.) Call, Aug. 8.

AN INFANT PRODIGY.

A Baby Girl That Smokes a Pipe—The Taste Inherited.

A Rochester reporter a few days ago heard of an infant prodigy such as most families would not care to possess. Her accomplishment consists solely in smoking a pipe and exhaling the smoke through her nostrils. She does not swear yet, because the only word she can speak is "moke." The little girl is the daughter of a woman who sang at the Casino Summer Garden last week. The mother makes the following statement in regard to the depraved taste of the child.

"My little girl inherited her abnormal appetite for tobacco from her father, who died on account of an excessive use of the weed shortly after the child was born. Nearly a year ago the child's tendency in this direction was first brought to my notice. I had her with me on the street and chanced to stop near a man who was smoking a pipe. The baby, as she perceived the odor, reached out her little hands toward the stranger and soon began to cry. All my efforts to calm her were useless, and she soon went into convulsions. I took her to a doctor and told him the circumstances.

"After inquiring about the habits of the child's father, he told me that the taste for tobacco had been inherited, and must be gratified unless I desired to lose the child at once. I wish I had let the baby die. Since I took the doctor's advice the child has never been a day without a pipe and tobacco, and she has become an expert smoker. She cries for her pipe as another baby would cry for its nursing-bottle, and I haven't the heart to refuse her. She smokes a whole package of tobacco a day.

"Black Heads." A correspondent much troubled with "black heads" asks for a lotion. They should be pressed out either with the thumb-nails or a watch-key. The operation is likely to cause some congestion of the skin, hence, the face should be bathed with water as hot as can be borne. As a rule those who have "black heads" are sparing of the use of soap, which ought to be used freely by them. Ladies who object to it might use, instead, borax water, or water to which borax is added. Twice daily the following lotion may be applied: Either, one ounce; carbonate of ammonia, one drachm; boracic acid, one scruple; water sufficient to make two ounces. This should be applied after the "black heads" have been pressed out and the face has been bathed in hot water.

Every temptation that is resisted, every noble aspiration that is encouraged, every sinful thought that is repressed, every bitter word that is withheld adds its little toward a richer life and higher character.—Prison Mirror.

When the opportunity of a man's life presents itself he usually waits for an introduction.

Weak and Weary

Describes the condition of many people debilitated by the warm weather, by disease or overwork. Hood's Sarsaparilla is just the medicine needed to overcome that tired feeling, to purify and quicken the sluggish blood, and restore the lost appetite. If you need a good medicine be sure to try Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"My appetite was poor. I could not sleep, my head ached a great deal, pains in my back, my bowels did not move regularly. Hood's Sarsaparilla in a short time did me so much good that I felt like a new man. My pains and aches are relieved, my appetite improved." GEORGE F. JACKSON, Roxbury Station, Conn.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1.00 per bottle. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apocathecis, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE PILL. Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve pains from dyspepsia, indigestion and biliousness. A perfect remedy for Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Catarrh of the Bladder, Gravel, and all the ailments of the Urinary System. Sold Everywhere. Price 25 Cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

I prescribe and fully endorse this Little Pill for the cure of all the ailments of the Urinary System. Dr. J. C. STODOLSKY, N. Y.

We have sold this Little Pill for many years and it has been the best of all.

C. E. STODOLSKY, N. Y.

Sold by all druggists. Price 25 Cents.

FARM AND HOME.

Profitable and Unprofitable Wheat Culture.

As the season is approaching when the fields must be prepared for the fall grain, it may be well to see how some of our western brethren are figuring on the cost and profits of the wheat crop. At the last annual meeting of the Northwestern Dairymen's Association, Mr. C. H. Adams of Illinois read a paper on Profitable Farming, from which the Prairie Farmer makes liberal extracts.

Here is how Adams fixes up the debt and credit side with two fields, one grown without manure, the other well fertilized with stable manure as good western land requires for a wheat crop:

	No. 1. Average.	No. 2. well Fertilized.
Sowing.....	\$1.25	\$1.25
Plowing and harrowing.....	50	50
Seed.....	1.70	1.70
Harvesting.....	1.50	2.50
Stacking.....	75	1.25
Threshing.....	1.10	2.00
Selling.....	1.00	1.00
Manure, barnyard, 15 tons.....		6.00
	\$7.90	\$16.95

As to the profits, he says:

The unmannered acre produces 15 bushels at a cost of \$7.90 or 52 cents per bushel. At 80 cents per bushel the crop would bring \$12, leaving a profit of \$4.20. The manured acre produces 40 bushels at a cost of \$16.95 or 42.5 cents per bushel. At the price named the crop would bring \$32, leaving a balance of \$15, or a profit of nearly 400 per cent. greater than in the first instance. Nor is this all; the crop of 15 bushels makes a straight hole in the capital stock of the farm, that is, into its stored fertility. It is like selling off a corner of the farm for current expenses. The manured land on the contrary is as sound as ever, and in some respects, like its owner, a little richer.

Clover is a great aid in cutting down the cost of a bushel of wheat. Wheat should never be sown without it. It takes a place that would be filled with costly weeds; its roots break up and loosen the soil, while its close low foliage prevents too rapid evaporation from the ground of ammonia and moisture.

The best judgment of practical farmers generally adds 10 per cent. to the crop's value, however, should not be overestimated. Its effects upon the soil are so remarkable that some of its enthusiastic friends are claiming that it can entirely displace manure. Every intelligent farmer should give clover all the credit it deserves in the rotation of crops, and for its mechanical effects upon the soil. It is a pretty good subsoiler. It will root further into the ground than an old fashioned Wisconsin hog. It ventilates the soil and tears it to atoms.—Practical Farmer.

Money in Raising Turnips.

If turnips are not worth as much as corn meal they do not cost as much, and as an appetizer they have no equal. There are few crops that pay a better profit, especially to farmers three to ten miles from manufacturing towns or cities, where a bushel of winter turnips rarely sells for less than 40c. It is not at all uncommon to get 250 to 300 bushels from an acre, and the yield is often more. At even 40c, and 250 bushels the income per acre is \$100. Increasing each 50 per cent. (an expectation that is not at all extravagant) the acre will produce \$200. The expense is as follows: Five dollars for plowing twice, \$3 for two thorough draggings, \$20 for manure or some appropriate commercial fertilizer and enough more for hand labor to make with the taxes on the land \$45 per acre, and the profit is \$55 in the former case or \$155 in the latter. Besides, if the owner be a good calculator he can often get some other crop as a by-product. I have raised a crop of nice oat hay followed by turnips at the rate of 400 bushels per acre in the same season. To do this, plow green-sward, or turn over the early potato ground the previous autumn and a month later harrow the field thoroughly. This will kill all the weeds. Draw on the manure, or if phosphate be used sow it with the oats and harrow both in before there have plowed for oats. Having the plowing done in the fall the oats can be sown early and start earlier. Let them be cut in the milk and made into hay, and the ground plowed the following day if possible. Have the harrow follow three days later to kill the young weeds that have started and sow the turnip seed at once, bushing lightly. With this give a light dressing of ashes or some other good fertilizer. This is an excellent time to seed the field to grass if it is desired. Hard or winter turnips should be drilled in rows 3 feet apart, with some quick-acting fertilizer in the drill. In the latitude of New York city seed should be put in the ground before the latter part of June or July 1, and the sowing can be continued as late as July 15. Thin them out to 6 inches apart at least and cultivate two or three times. A pound and a half to two pounds of seed is needed to the acre. It is better to waste seed than not to have enough. In cutting out plants the poor ones can be killed. It matters little what soil the turnip is put in if it be rich and not too dry. If this drilled crop should chance to fail, the ground can be sown a little later to English turnips. A great advantage that the turnip has is that it thrives best in the fall when few other crops are growing, and can be harvested at any time before Christmas. The farmer who takes up turnip-raising intelligently and follows it systematically and persistently will surely make more with less work than by most other crops.—American Agriculturist.

Wool Selling.

It may appear strange to some that wool clipped in different sections of our country should command different prices. Though there is a difference in the texture and quality of wool raised in different localities the rule for grading or classing wool as to states or territories where raised, is not arbitrary, for as the

Wool Journal says: The wool grower who will take good care of his sheep, and see that they are well fed, housed from cold storms in winter, and properly attended to in other respects, will undoubtedly shear a well grown, healthy and desirable clip of wool, so far as the character goes. But there are other requisites to a good selling clip that the intelligent stockmaster will not neglect. The wool must be clean, that is in good condition, and the fleeces must be put up in an honest manner, free from tags, sweat locks, dung balls, chaffy locks or any other wool of less value than the fleeces themselves.

The idea was advanced some time since by some correspondent in Texas, that an injustice was being perpetrated on wool growers, by rating the value of their wools in the market according to states or section where the wool was grown; not by its quality, or condition. This idea is entirely erroneous, as the condition and other characteristics of wool always determine its value. We take the ground that careful and constant attention to a flock of sheep throughout the entire year, and in shearing and putting up the fleeces, will add largely to the net price any wool grower gets for his clip.

To illustrate, we have recently known of a clip of fine wool, shipped by the grower from Nebraska to a wool commission house in Chicago, that was fully equal in character and condition to any similar grade grown in Wisconsin; and the wool house sold it readily at the highest market price for Wisconsin wool. Now we think what one farmer in Nebraska can accomplish with a flock of sheep, others ought to come very near doing. If one man can keep his sheep on clean pastures during the grazing season, and in clean sheds during the winter, and shear a bright, well grown clip of wool in the spring, surely there is no good reason why others in similar surroundings cannot do equally well and now is the time to begin the work and care for the next clip.

The sheep is stripped to the foundation and ready to begin business for a new crop. Do your best in care and see what improvement can be made next year over this season's clip. A little grain or oil meal will help the texture of wool from sheep that have nothing but grass range in summer and wild hay in winter.

Farm Notes.

Good fences make peaceable stock. A noted legal authority has said that the best law for a line fence was another top-pole.

It is very important in transplanting trees of every kind, as well as plants and vines, to cut back considerably—often very seriously. Many trees fail to grow simply because too much top is left in proportion to the roots.

After each rain the ground should be cultivated lightly in order to prevent evaporation of moisture. The loose dirt serves as a covering and shields the earth from the direct effects of drying winds and the heat of the sun.

We wish some one in each farm home would be responsible for the gathering of the eggs. Then there would be less complaint in the city markets of "stale eggs." When gathered, put in a dry, cool place, and sell at least once a week; that is if you do not pack.

The man who has made money from a lot of cows whose supply of water was a stagnant pond hole, into which the cows waded in the summer and from which they drank through a hole out in the ice in winter, has wrought a miracle, besides producing a lot of unhealthy milk at the same time.

No farm is completely equipped with a good sized nail box, filled with different sized nails, bolts, screws, copper rivets, and some soft wire. Emergencies are constantly arising on every farm when it will be very handy to have the above articles around. It also saves many a dollar in time and repairs.

It is well known among practical cultivators that the exclusive use of commercial fertilizers will soon ruin the soil, unless some means of forming humus is supplied. Straw and other organic matter in stable manure, is of prime value in furnishing humus to the soil. Hence, it pays to haul this straw, and other matter in manure, even where commercial fertilizers are largely used.

As soon as you have the crops in bear in mind that tillage is manure and go to work. Put the harrow upon the corn and potatoes and keep it going till they are big enough to use the cultivator, and keep that going till they are too large for it, meanwhile using the hoe between the hills and on strong weeds that may escape the horse cultivators.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Hints to Housekeepers.

Water house plants with cold tea. For poison oak, bathe in cream and gunpowder twice a day till cured.

Green vegetables will retain their color if cooked in an uncovered vessel. Wash gliding with water in which onion has been boiled, and dry with a soft cloth.

To cleanse white zephyr shawls, rub well with dry flour and hang in the wind.

Clothespins boiled a few minutes and quickly dried once or twice a month become more durable.

Add a little petroleum to the water in which waxed or polished floors are washed to improve their looks.

To make the shine in hot soap-suds dip a dampened cloth in fine sifted ashes; then polish with dry ashes.

A room with a low ceiling will seem higher if the window-curtains hang to the floor. Lambrequins may be used to extend the curtains to the ceiling, and thus carry out the effect.

A London medical man says: "Be careful in your dealing with horse-radish. It irritates the stomach far more than spices, and an overdose will bring on an unpleasant sensation for days."

Coffee pounded in a mortar and roasted on an iron plate, sugar burned

on hot coals and vinegar boiled with myrrh and sprinkled on the floor and furniture of a sick room are excellent deodorizers.

Ink stains are entirely removed by the immediate application of dry salt before the ink has dried. When the salt becomes discolored by absorbing the ink brush it off and apply more; wet slightly. Continue this until the ink is all removed.

There is no economy in purchasing brown sugar. The moisture it contains more than makes up for the difference in price; but for some things, such as dark cake and mince pies, many cooks prefer it. Granulated sugar is the purest and best for ordinary uses.

A very complete filling for open cracks in floors may be made by thoroughly soaking newspapers in a paste made of one pound of flour, three quarts of water and a tablespoonful of alum, thoroughly boiled and mixed; make the final mixture about as thick as putty, a kind of paper putty, and it will harden like papier-mache.

The Art of Prosperity.

Tell me not that advertising is at best an empty dream. For its charms are more surprising. (And everybody who has tried it wisely and well will acknowledge that its effects are far more astonishing.)

Than its dull, old-fashioned practitioners could ever deem.

And which everway thou turnest Thou wilt find, upon the whole, Those who advertise in earnest.

(Yes, we have only to glance at our wealthy commercial firms and we shall admit that those who do the thing properly.)

Sometimes reach the wished-for goal.

Wouldst thou though then a lesson borrow! Wouldst thou know the royal way!

Advise thee so to-morrow (Don't let a little expense deter you; you are merely casting your bread upon the waters, and you will soon have the satisfaction of knowing that each to-morrow)

Finds thee richer than to-day.

Advertise then! No retreating! Let the senseless cranks rave; While your heart with hope is beating

(You will always find a lot of people in every community who are blind to their interests; but while you are making fame and fortune)

They will find oblivion's grave.

Printer's ink will lead the battle—Printer's ink, the balm of life; Printer's ink—no din, no rattle—

(No, it does it work quietly; and in the great war of competition, when judiciously and thickly laid on, it always leads the van against the strife.)

Advertisers oft remind us We can make success sublime, Make our pile, and leave behind us

(Exactly, that's just where it comes in. We not only feather our own nest, but we provide for the prosperity and well-being of generations yet unborn, and so leave behind us)

What defies the touch of time.

Seeing which, perchance another Struggling man with weary brain, Some non-advertising brother,

(A good example is always to be commended, especially in the matter of advertising; and many a struggling business man seeking the secret of another's success)

May with wisdom try again.

Advertise then! Up and doing! So advert a man's fate;

And, the wisest course pursuing, (You will find that you will soon be in a position to look the whole world in the face, if you will only)

Learn to advertise and wait! —New Zealand Times.

Drunken Indians.

Linked with the account of drunken antics by the Mille Laes Indians came a careful statement of their sorrows. The white men have committed many depredations on the noble warriors, it is said. The hearts of the red men have been wounded with the base treachery of the pale faces. Rising majestically, with plenty of whiskey in them, the sons of nature have terrorized many settlements.

The North American Indian is a savage. He has the propensities of a tiger, is more dangerous, and is less cleanly. The people hanged an exemplary number of the wretches of 1882—thirty-two, at Monkato. That lesson ought to have served an aborigine who draws his living from the larder of his captors. The Indian question is now reaching that stage where tollers are asking why they should support an Indian when they may have a just cause for hanging him.—Chicago Herald.

Would Not Sit on the Floor.

A certain New York alderman a few days ago, called on his representative in Washington. The meeting was very cordial, for the alderman was a power. "I am delighted to see you," exclaimed the representative as he shook him by both hands. "Won't you come in and take a seat on the floor?"

"Ay yes will excuse me just now, O'll see you later," replied the visitor as he withdrew his hands from the retaining clasp.

About an hour after a friend of the statesman met the alderman in a favorite resort, and the alderman was giving the statesman "down the banks" in terrible shape. "I am surprised," remarked the friend, "I thought you was a friend of Mr. So and So."

"Sure O! was, but O! not be insulted by any man."

"Why, how did he insult you?"

"Whin O! called on him just now did't the blagard ax me wud O! oom in wud de high jinks an' sit an ther fure! Sit an ther fure, do ye moind! O! not sit an any moun's fure. Be the hokey do he take me for a monkey? Jist wait till O! go back wud de byes. Ay O! not sit him an ther fure me name is Dinna."

It took quite a high-priced explanation to convince him that an honor was intended.—Texas Sittings.

Doctors and Doctors.

First Citizen—"Why don't you get Doctor Brownstone for your son? He must be a good physician for he has a large practice among the Four Hundred."

Second Citizen—"Oh, he wouldn't do at all. I want a brain specialist."—New York Weekly.

"BLOTS AND BLEMISHES."

Some of the Things From Which to Escape if Possible.

From these "blots and blemishes" Save us.

From all who "say" their prayers but never "pray."

From all whom dogs and children dislike.

From the slatterns and the severely clean.

From the three P's—plumbers, politicians and neighbors' pianos.

From people who rush to the seaside in summer, but never take a bath at home.

From wives who think that husbands were only made to work that they may spend.

From Americans who have never seen their own country, but go every summer to "Europe."

From the creatures that write nasty books or read them.

From press agents, society actresses and would-be stars.

From tailor-made gentlemen everywhere.

From the man that knows it all.

From "clams" that like muddy water best.

From the man who speaks of another's alleged vices with tears in his eyes.

From authors who pay for the publication of their books and give the publishers the profits.

From mothers who turn their children into the street to "keep the house tidy."

From public libraries that never buy a book worth preserving.

From dealers in the "antique" who make their own wares.

From policemen who cannot see because they are paid for not seeing.

From shop-girls who judge lady customers by their clothes and treat them accordingly.

From dealers of all kinds who call dishonestly "business."

From cashiers who affect the style of millionaires and go to Canada or to jail.

From "blemishes" upon manhood who give "swell" dinners to "blots" upon womanhood.

From the "dudes" who hang around stage doors, and from baller girls off the stage.

From prima donnas who cannot sing and servant girls who think they can.

From the bar room actor who "supported Forrest."

A Modest Maid.

A wise girl shows no preferences. So long as her heart and hand are free she will do well to treat all the gentlemen admitted to her society with an air of well-bred ease, which at once gives them to understand that she expects nothing from them but courtesy, and which not infrequently piques them into a stronger feeling. A great beauty of my acquaintance made herself unpopular and neglected by an air of insolent indifference amounting to rudeness. This is never good form and never pays, unless one wishes to wound and antagonize.

I have known two young ladies to lose possible husbands by trying to monopolize the attentions of young men whom they had met. A young man complained to me last summer at the seashore of this propensity of young ladies. For particulars ask your Ticket Agent or write to John J. Byrne, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Santa Fe Route, Chicago, Ills.

They find it very difficult to collect rent in Ireland, even when the police make the charge.

This is the age of wonders, and the average American citizen is no longer surprised at anything. If you want to experience that sensation, however, just write to B. F. Johnson & Co., 1009 Main St., Richmond, Va., and hear what they have got to say of the success of some of their agents. They have the goods that will make one out of employment will consult their own interests by applying to them.

To count for anything it ought to be spelled sympathy.

Ever since 1864 there have been women (more each year) who claim that there is no soap half as good as a washing soap as Pullman's Electric. There must be some truth in their claim. Try it, see how much. Your grocer has it.

The road to ruin leads through the wicket gate.

What wrought the change? This woman's face is ruddy

With a rose's grace.

Her eyes are bright.

Her heart is light.

Ab, truly 'tis a goodly sight.

A few brief months ago her cheek Was pallid and her step was weak,

"The end is near,"

Sighed many a friend who held her dear.

I can tell you what wrought the change in her. She was told by a friend, who, like her, had suffered untold misery from a complication of female troubles, that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription would certainly cure her. This friend "knew whereof she spoke" for she had been cured by the remedy she advised her friend to use. She is enthusiastic in its praise, and tells her friends that Dr. Pierce deserves the universal gratitude of woman-kind for having given this infallible remedy for its peculiar ailments. It is guaranteed to give satisfaction in every case or money refunded.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, one dose. Cure headache, constipation and indigestion.

No plummet line of human sympathy can fathom the agony the liquor traffic brings. None but the plummet line of God's infinite sympathy can touch the bottom of the woe that is upon us.

Smoke the best—"Tantill's Punch" Cigar.

A youth will never have his way mended by patronizing the sherry cooler too often.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Colloidal Eye Water.

As man gets older he knows more, but he does not get any more attractive in learning it.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became a Man, she clung to Castoria.